

Is this how it ends? (Hannigram)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/16690252) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/16690252>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types , Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , Jack Crawford , Will Graham's Dogs , Alana Bloom , Abigail Hobbs
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha/Omega , Alpha Hannibal Lecter , Omega Will Graham , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Emotional Manipulation , Hurt Will Graham , Angst and Fluff and Smut , Broken Will Graham , Emotional Baggage , Non-Consensual Bondage , Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con , Police Officer Hannibal , bc yeet
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-11-21 Updated: 2019-02-13 Words: 4,692 Chapters: 2/10

Is this how it ends? (Hannigram)

by [Diamondisbackbitch](#)

Summary

Will is a rescue from an omega trafficking ring. Dumped into a rehoming center, labelled a "difficult case", and left there to rot with nothing but his tiny closet of a room and a toy dog that's long since lost it's fluffiness. Not great conditions for anyone, especially someone like him.

Hannibal is... interesting. But after being ordered to take six months off of police profiling work after an accident he decides to take in a companion. After all, the force can make him stay home (with pay, which isn't a bad deal to be honest) but they can't keep him from taking in a broken omega. Nursing him back to health. Then maybe breaking him again for the heck of it. After all, he's got plenty of time.

Notes

I had a prompt that I couldn't decide what ship to do it for, so I'll have a similar fic up soon that's Drarry instead of Hannigram if you're into that.

(Also XXXXXXXX means there's a scene/time break happening whereas means I just switched povs from Hannibal to Will or vice versa)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

"You're injured." Jack put down the file. "Hannibal, you're a great agent, but you're hurt and if you keep going out there you'll never heal that foot. So you've got six months to rest up and get back to your normal self, got it?"

Hannibal grimaced, glancing down at his broken foot. "Jack, I'm fine. I can work with a broken foot just fine. Besides, it's only a few small fractures. It's fine." He insisted.

Jack sighed. "Go home Hannibal. Get a dog or something. I'll see you in six months. You can take the paid leave or you can be out of a job. That's the deal."

"Right." Hannibal sighed and took his cane, begrudgingly using it after having Alana yell at him about it. "I suppose this is goodbye for now sir. Though I hope to see you much sooner than six months." He shook Jack's hand and refused his help back to his car with only a glance.

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"Can I help you sir?" The desk worker gave Hannibal a look over and smiled. Alphas we probably their favorite clients. Less likely to bring omegas back or whatever.

"I want a hard case." Hannibal smiled at the woman behind the desk. He wasn't into women in the slightest, but a little flirting couldn't hurt to get him what he wanted. "I'm a police profiler and psychiatrist. I used to be a medical surgeon as well. I work with omegas regularly, especially ones going through trauma. I think I could help someone." He explained at he quizzical look.

She smiled. "Well there's a lot of paperwork for the harder cases. Can't have them going into the wrong hands after all. Though being police with psychiatry training definitely helps your case. Have you ever had an omega before? Through a rehabilitation and or adoption program, or through natural mating processes?" She asked, gesturing him to a chair and taking out a clipboard, already making notes.

"Not personally. Though I have taken an omega along with my coworker from this same rehabilitation center. My colleagues name was Alana Bloom, the omega's was Abigail Hobbs."

She nodded and wrote that down. "And your name is?"

"Hannibal Lector." Hannibal settled down for an undoubtedly long series of questions.

"May I see some I.D.? And do you have a proof of residence with you? I will need to make a house visit within the first week of your trial period with the chosen omega to ensure you have the means to take care of them. You understand. And do you have a plan for while you're at work? The hard case omegas cannot be left alone under any circumstances during the first few weeks of rehoming."

Hannibal took out his driver's license and an address card. "I'm on paid leave right now as a matter of fact. So I'll be home by myself for six months minus two days now. Well, hopefully not by myself." He smirked. "That's really why I came here. It's something I've always wanted to do; help one of the omegas stuck in a place like this, but I've never had time with work before this." He explained.

"That's very noble of you." She smiled and scribbled down a few more things before handing him back his papers. "Well I'll need to run a background test and there is a drug test you'll need to go through. I assume you have a few references? The process should take a day or two at most, but it's mandatory to ensure the safety of our omegas. If you like, I could take your chosen omega once everything is cleared up and make the house visit then? It's always best to take care of that right away as well."

Hannibal nodded. "That sounds perfect. Is there anything else you need right now? I can write down the names and numbers of my references if you like." He took the clipboard and listed Jack and Alana, along with a few other respected individuals he'd worked for or with.

The worker smiled and put the clipboard on her desk. "Alright! Well all that's left right now is for you to pick out an omega. After that I'll schedule your drug test and all that official stuff. Would you like to stroll alone or for me to give you a tour? The hard cases are in their separate rooms in the back and they're all incredibly skittish about newcomers, I should warn you."

Hannibal nodded. He bit back the retort that -of course they are ma'am, that's how omegas react to trauma like a trafficking ring- but from the look on her face he felt that she understood he was only not saying so out of politeness.

"Well right this way then." She took a deep breath and opened the doors to a wave of omega pheromones and body odor. "Most of them were kept on drugs that kept them permanently in heat. Even after months they'll still smell like heat even now that they're off of it." She muttered, more to herself than to Hannibal who barely glanced at the waiting room style area that the calmer, more stable omegas lounged in.

The woman opened another door with a key which led to a hallway with six doors. Each marked with the names and a short description of the omega inside. "Any preference on gender, Hannibal?" She asked.

"Male." He responded immediately. "Forgive me ma'am but I do believe I forgot to ask your name."

She chuckled. "Susan. I must've forgotten to give it. I apologize. We have four male omegas in our hard case list. Though one of them is in the process of being rehomed, so we'll just skip over him. The others are Adam, Will, and Garth. Here's Adam." She knocked lightly on one of the doors, which was immediately opened by a tall, rather willowy omega with deep brown skin and eyes to match. "Adam? There's someone here to meet you. Would it be alright if we came in or would you rather say hi out here?"

Adam stepped out and closed the door behind him, bowing his head and holding out a hand to Hannibal.

"He doesn't say much. He can actually talk, but it's best not to pressure him into it. He's a sweetheart though. Very clean and well kept."

Hannibal shook the omega's hand politely. "It's nice to meet you Adam." He could see how scared the omega seemed, even if Susan didn't seem to notice, still chatting about Adam's good qualities, brushing over something about biting like it hardly mattered. Hannibal fought the urge to roll his eyes. "Thank you." He smiled at Adam, keeping his voice a whisper even though he knew Susan could hear him too. "You can go back into your room now if you'd feel more comfortable with us not here. It was a pleasure to meet you."

Adam smiled and backed into his room, looking rather relieved to be allowed to leave.

Susan frowned as she watched him go. "Not him then?"

"I'm afraid not. He seems nice, but not someone I think I could do anything for. Speech problems aren't as much in my area. And biting..." He shook his head.

Susan nodded. "I understand. We'll meet Will next. He's... shy. And he does talk to himself a lot, but he is rather sweet and he loves dogs." She smiled and knocked on the next door. Waiting a few seconds before knocking again. "Will! I know you're in there. There's someone here to see you, don't you want to say hello?" There was no answer so she pounded on the door one last time with an angry huff. "I'm so sorry sir, he really isn't usually like this.."

Hannibal ignored her, choosing to focus on the delicious scent of pine and warm leather coming from the room in front of them. He reached for the door and glanced over at Susan. "May I?"

She shrugged. "If you really want to meet him then I suppose. But I must warn you he's not friendly at first. Especially if you go into his space uninvited." She backed away and let Hannibal open the door, walking into the tiny room. Barely big enough for the bed and toilet it held inside. One hook for a change of clothes, a tiny sink, and a bare light bulb hanging from the ceiling. Plus one omega curled up in the precious few inches between the bed and the wall. He was small, yet not frail or weak looking. Uneven scruff like he hadn't shaved properly in a few weeks. He was glaring up at Hannibal with a passion.

"They're not supposed to let alphas in without my permission." Will growled.

Hannibal smiled and gestured to the bed. "May I sit? I don't mean to make you uncomfortable, Will, I truly don't, but I am here to meet you. It would be polite to at least say hello."

"Hello." Will said mockingly. "Now would you kindly fuck off?"

"Will!" Susan scolded, almost stepping into the room, but a hand from Hannibal stopped her.

Hannibal smiled further. "It's fine Susan. I shouldn't have come into his space without permission, he is correct." he bowed deeply to Will. "I hope you'll forgive me for my rude actions. I mean no harm."

Will stared at him, eyes narrowing. "What do you want?"

"Nothing." Hannibal shrugged. "Company, perhaps. Someone to talk to. What do you want, Will?"

"A dog." Will said without hesitation. "A bed without stains everywhere. A shower would be nice."

The last line actually made Hannibal stifle a laugh, coughing into his handkerchief. "Well, I think I could arrange all of those things for you." Except maybe the dog. Dogs were messy and disgusting. Maybe an outside dog if he decided it really would help Will.

Will smiled up at him, most of the signs of aggression gone, except for a few suggestions of suspicion left in his eyes. "I'd like that. Sir."

Hannibal nodded and stood up, nodding at Will before leaving and closing the door behind him. "Susan?"

Susan nodded, keeping his pace as he walked back to the reception area. "Yes?" She wasn't really sure if he was saying he'd adopt Will, hoping to all of her might that he would. Will was a pain in everyone's ass there.

"Draw up the adoption papers. I can take the drug test now if you're free. I'd like to have this done as quickly as possible if that's alright." He turned on his heel to look directly at her. "Is that alright?"

"Y-yes sir!" She grinned. "Just let me get a few things in order here..."

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"Aren't you excited? Your new home." Susan was driving the company truck with Will in the passenger's seat. All of his worldly possessions sitting in a heap in his lap. "I know I'm excited. You have my number if you need anything too. And the first two weeks are only a trial period, so when I come back after that if you want to go back to the home you can too. Then I check up on you every month for the next four months and after that you can call us for up to a year. After that I'm afraid we can't do anything, but I'm sure if there's any problems you'll sniff 'em out right away."

Will grunted nonchalantly. Staring out the window and trying to figure out how he'd gotten himself into this mess. Hannibal had seemed nice enough. But he'd promised things. Will tended to forget that when people promised good things then they were almost definitely bad news. After all, that was how he got into this mess in the first place. But honestly? A shower and a clean bed sounded like heaven right about now. No matter what Hannibal did to him.

"Well, here we are!" Susan turned the car off to reveal a large, elegant house sitting alone at the top of the hill. "Ready?"

Will stared at it. Even the people he'd been passed around to in the ring hadn't lived this nicely. It was /huge/. A freaking palace practically. "I guess he mumbled, holding the bundle

of clothes to his chest, his plush dog tucked against him as he shuffled behind Susan into the lavish house.

"Well, definitely large enough for both of you, don't you think?" Susan joked. Rolling her eyes when Will didn't even blink. "Mr. Lector?" She called through the house, walking through the foyer. "I've brought your omega."

Hannibal appeared out of a door to Will's left, ignoring Susan to step toward his omega. "Will. A pleasure to see you again." He brought Will's hand up to kiss his knuckles, taking in more of his delicious scent.

"If you'll just sign this and I'll need a quick tour of where Will will be staying and to ensure that cleaning facilities, kitchens, and sleeping quarters are adequate. Though I doubt it'll be a problem; it's mostly just a formality." Susan stepped over and held out her clipboard to Hannibal, pointing to where he should sign.

"Of course." Hannibal signed. "Would you like to join us Will? Or you're welcome to explore the house later if you're tired. I can take you to your room."

Will glanced between the two. Hannibal was offering him a way out of the tour which was inevitably going to be uncomfortable, but Susan was still the only person he'd known for a long time. Still. "I think I'll just go to bed."

Hannibal nodded and offered his arm, which Will did not take. He led the two upstairs where he led Will into a freshly cleaned spare bedroom. He hadn't had much time to do anything but clean it, but Will didn't seem to mind as he whimpered in awe. Glancing at Hannibal for conformation that it was okay before flopping down on the queen sized bed.

Hannibal ushered Susan out, closing the door behind them. "Would you like to see the rest of the house?" He offered.

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Once he was sure he was alone Will took out his plush. All omegas in his position got one and he'd chosen a light brown dog plush. It was comforting in a way. like a piece of home or familiarity he could take with him anywhere.

"What do you think, Rufus? Is he gonna hold us down and rape us the second she leaves?" He made the dogs head shake. "Yeah. I guess he seems nice enough. And most alphas are nice. I just got unlucky." He sighed, pulling up the covers. Even before he got involved with the sex ring he'd never slept in a bed this nice. It felt weird against his calluses and bruises. Like he'd ruin something exquisite by touching it.

A knock on the door startled him, and out of instinct he grabbed Rufus and hid behind the bed. There was actual room to hide this time and will took full advantage of it. Sliding halfway under the bed so the intruder couldn't see him as they walked in, but he was far enough out that he could hear what was going on clearly.

Hannibal opened the door and glanced around the empty seeming room. He'd heard the tumble of will sliding off the bed before he opened the door, but decided he wouldn't comment on the omega's tendency to hide. It was simply out of fear. A fear that hopefully would subside after awhile. "I brought you some dinner. Just some soup and bread for tonight. I thought it best if you didn't eat anything too filling. He slid the tray onto the nightstand. Speaking clearly and making no effort to locate Will or bring him out of hiding. "There's plenty of water and napkins as well. If you'd like anything else I will be downstairs. The first door on the right. That is my study and you are welcome there anytime you need something." He waited a few seconds before leaving to make sure Will didn't decide to say anything. He didn't, so Hannibal closed the door behind him and went down to his study to decide what he was going to do. After all, he needed a plan if he was going to keep this omega.

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Will listened as the door closed and hesitantly glanced out of his hiding spot, ensuring the room was clear. It was, save for a tray of food and water that Hannibal had left for him. Which Will devoured quickly, even though it was so delicious it made him want to slow down and enjoy it properly, but his hunger won out and the dish was gone in a minute. Still, if he was going to eat and sleep like this during his entire stay then it hardly mattered what Hannibal did. Just as long as Will was well fed and had a nice place to sleep he was already in a better place than the omega placement center. Though that was hardly saying much.

"Goodnight Rufus." Will smiled at his plush, tucking himself back into bed and falling sleep in minutes on the softest bed he'd ever felt.

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Hannibal barely slept during the night. Mostly worried about the omega resting in his guest room. He needed help, obviously, but there was a connection that needed to happen that Will wasn't willing to make yet. So what was Will's key? Everyone had one. Something that they'd open up after Hannibal got for them or told them or showed them, or... Ugh. It was dogs, wasn't it?

Hannibal took a tray of breakfast, slightly heavier than last night's meal, but not heavy enough to make Will sick. From what he'd heard it was probably at least twice what Will normally ate, so it was a start. Eventually he'd work Will up to full meals, but eggs, bacon, and toast was good for now. He knocked on the door, waiting a few seconds before opening the door. Will was seated behind the bed again, but this time he was visible so that was an improvement.

"I've brought you breakfast, Will. I'm going out for a bit and I'd like for you to come with me. We can buy you a proper wardrobe, or at least the start of one. If you'd like to stay here you may, but I must ask you stay within this room and the bathroom through that door, if you haven't found that yet. I don't want you wandering around without me here, do you understand?"

Will nodded, not moving from his makeshift hiding spot. "I'd prefer to stay here." He glanced hungrily at the food and shifted uncomfortably. "Thanks though."

"Alright." Hannibal smiled, leaving the tray on the nightstand and taking the dirty dishes from the last night. "I'll see you soon. Is there anything I can bring you?"

"No." Will shook his head. He watched Hannibal carefully until he finally left Will alone to eat.

Hannibal closed the door and sighed, leaning against the door. He'd tried at least.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Alana Bloom to the rescue! Will gets a physical as best he can, we explore more into his trauma, and Hannibal finds a dog

Chapter Notes

Hannibal hating dogs? Weak. Hannibal being slightly scared of dogs and doesn't tell anyone but when dogs are adorable and sweet to him he loves them right back? A+ 10/10

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Will? I've brought you some clothes. I think they should fit alright. At least so you have something clean for the time being." Hannibal knocked on the door again before pushing it open. The omega in his regular spot behind the bed. "Will, I know I usually let you stay there, but this time I've got a guest for you to meet, alright? She's in the hallway. Would you rather go out and meet her or have her come in here?" He asked, kneeling in front of Will so they were the same height. He put down his bags, noticing Will staring at the soft, clean new clothes in slight awe, but chose not to comment.

"I'll go into the hallway." Will coughed into his grimy T-shirt. "I took a shower while you were gone. May I...?" He nodded towards the clothes. "They're all for me?"

Hannibal nodded. "Even if you decide to go back. You can keep them as long as you like. You may change if you'd like. I'll wait with Alana in the hallway. Come out whenever you're ready." He smiled, standing up and giving one last fond glance at the omega before leaving the room. Closing the door behind him.

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Will waited for the click of the latch before stripping off his old clothes. They were dirty everywhere and he'd nearly worn through them in every imaginable spot. It was heaven to slip into a brand new button up shirt and a sweater. Finished off with nice black slacks and when he looked in the mirror he almost looked presentable. His hair brushed, even as the curls refused to lay properly. All that reminded him he was an unwanted and wretched omega was the unruly scruff that he hadn't had time or tools to shave and his muddy shoes. Which he'd tried to clean, but given up once he realized he'd never succeed.

Still, it was likely as good as he was gonna get, so he pushed the door open and walked into the hallway to meet Hannibal's associate. Another alpha who gave off a kind, if sterile, scent. Like she worked in a hospital. He shook her hand, only smiling when she introduced herself as Alana. Flashes of the last time something similar happened were playing through his mind. A reel of Get Out Of There and flashes of the alpha that took him away's face kept him from paying attention as the other two talked.

Alana immediately stopped and frowned. "Will? Hey, look at me, what's happening?" She asked, stepping towards the omega as he slid down the wall, obviously in pain. "Hey, stay with me. Can you hear me?"

Will nodded, trying to blink away the blurry visions of his last alpha. "Rufus." He managed to stutter out before squeezing his eyes shut in an attempt to block out the memories. Hands raking up his sides as he screamed for them to /stop/. Begging just to be left alone. It never worked. Hiding in closets and under beds in a desperate hope that he wouldn't be found.

Nothing ever saved him.

"Will!" Hannibal shouted, forcing him back to reality. "It's okay," Hannibal smiled, placing Rufus into Will's hands, "You're going to be alright. Whatever you're seeing right now is in the past. You're safe here."

Will nodded, cuddling Rufus to his chest. "M sorry. I don't know what happened."

"You had a flashback. They're fairly normal Will, you don't have to be sorry." Alana knelt on the floor next to him. "Do they happen often? I may be able to prescribe something to help. If you're willing to try some meds." She offered.

He shrugged. "If you think it would help I guess I can try it." He didn't want them to drug him out of his mind, but honestly he wasn't sure if he'd say no if they offered. Anything was better than his existence right then.

"I'd like to talk to you a bit more before I decide what would help. Are you having anxiety or panic attacks of any kind? Trouble breathing?" Alana asked, gently shifting forward. "Is it alright if I take your temperature?"

Will nodded. He tensed a bit when her hand touched his forehead, but didn't protest. "Panic attacks. Every few days I guess. People make me nervous. Alphas especially." He muttered, hoping that she wouldn't get mad at him for that.

Alana smiled. "I'm not surprised. With your history I'm surprised you even let me around you. I think you're doing wonderfully well, Will." There was something oddly reassuring in her voice, even as her presence still made Will uneasy. She was calming too.

"Do you mind if I listen to your heart? If possible I'd like to get a urine sample too. I want to check for any possible diseases and when you're ready we can get you up to date on your shots." Alana took out a sealed plastic cup from her bag and set it down before taking out her stethoscope. "Is there anything else you'd like to tell me about?"

Will shook his head. "You can listen to my heart. I'll give you the sample too. It's fine, I'm fine, I promise."

Alana looked as if she didn't believe him, but listened to his heart anyway without saying anything. "Seems fine, but I'll need to run some actual tests before I can begin to say anything more. Doctor Lector, if we could talk privately? I'll be back in a few days with the test results, Will. Until then just take it easy. Eat plenty of food and get as much rest as you can." She smiled one last time, standing up and turning to Hannibal.

Will smiled back and ducked back into his room, still clutching Rufus to his chest with a death grip.

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Hannibal was wandering the pound not unlike the way he'd planned on wandering the omega center before he'd seen Will. After all, dogs and omegas had quite a few things in common; they were emotional animals. Driven by base desires. Easily manipulated and easily hurt. Perhaps that was why they bonded together so easily.

"Looking for anything in particular, sir?" A worker asked, having noticed Hannibal wandering around with no real direction.

Hannibal sighed. Alana was right; Will needed a creature to bond with. And the easiest solution was a dog. Another omega might work or perhaps a friendly beta. Surrounding Will with stuffed plushes would wrk temporarily, but he needed to properly bond with another creature. And Will seemed utterly fixated on dogs. "I'm looking to adopt a pet for my omega. He's rather shy and he adores dogs so I think it would do him some good to have a friend outside of myself." He explained. Perhaps more than the woman needed to know, but what did it matter now?

The woman nodded. "Well, most of our dogs are quite friendly and would get along quite well with an omega. Do you have any preference on breed or size?"

"Something larger. A mutt." Will would accept any dog no doubt about it, but a purebreed might not give the same connection. Will would fit well with an older mixed breed dog that he could play wildly with. "Hopefully one that doesn't shed too much." It was going to be agony trying to keep his house clean with a dog around. Still, he could only hope for the best.

He followed the woman past crates full of energetic, younger dogs. Her pointing out any of them that fit his description. Not what he was looking for though. Hannibal brushed past her once she stopped, walking on to the crates of older dogs. Ones that probably had lived there for years because they weren't puppies and nobody wanted a dog that would probably go out n a few years anyway. He spotted a brownish-grey one near the back. Larger, skinny very friendly looking. "Winston," Hannibal read aloud from his tag, "Hello there." The dog barked at him. Obviously thrilled at the attention. "How about this one?"

The worker nodded. "Of course, I'll draw up the papers right away."

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It was late when he got back, Winston on a leash as he walked through the hallways to Will's room.

The omega was fast asleep when Hannibal opened the door and walked in, taking a second to admire how gentle Will looked before taking Winston back outside where he'd set up a doghouse in the fenced off part of his backyard. Will needed his sleep. Hannibal's surprise could wait until morning.

Chapter End Notes

sorry it's so late! I'm gonna be completely honest, I might've slightly forgotten this story existed. But I'm back now! and there's more fluff (and angst) to come!

End Notes

oof this got so much longer than I meant for it to. It started getting too long and my writing felt off, so I figured I'd go ahead and post what I've got here. Next chapter we'll meet Alana and dive into what's actually wrong with Will (since I am aware that he seems pretty normal here besides the hiding thing)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!